THE PROGRESS OF A HARLOT.

A New and Grand Opera Of Three Acts.

The AIRS set to Old Ballad Tunes.

Dramatis Perſon[illegible]

MEN.

Colonel Goatiſh,
'Squire Spruce,
Waggoner,
Ben Druel,
Julio,
Tom Pledge,
Mr. Fingerfee,
Juſtice Mittimus,
Roſt[illegible], *Keeper of* Bridewell,
Flogwell, *his Man*,
Conſtables,
Peaſe,
Pad, *a Highwayman*,
Dr. Noſtrum,
Dr. Meagre,
Mr. Swillcorps, *an Undertaker*,
Parſon Smirk,
Time-teller.

WOMEN.

Mother Lurewell,
Moll Hackabout,
Alice, *her Maid*,
1ſt *Woman*,
2d *Woman*,
3d *Woman*,
} *in* Bridewell.
Mrs. Pimpley,
Three more Women attending on Moll *in the Sil-*
lution
Three Women Servants at the Bawdy

PROLOGUE

FOR A HARLOT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Fine-teller solus.

WELL met, good folks,—our author
bid me say,
To-night we'll shew you something
—like a play.
He frankly owns 'tis wrote against all rule,
But hopes that old contention will not cool
Between ye new and ye old; for all things new
Each with eager fondness, ye pursue.
Has made him write—let then
for novelty protect his pen!

So here to-night —— let your applause maintain
Our new invention added on that plan.
Since quickly it increas'd into our bard,
That neith'r time nor place could be preserv'd,
He pitch'd on me —— and to fill up the space,
Has rais'd me to a new-invented place,
Call'd Time teller —— my office is to shew
Wat has been done, the manner, when, and how,
Between the scenes of the ensuing piece,
Farce, Opera, Comedy, or what you please.
Perhaps you'll say 'tis an odd whim—that's true;
But pray consider, Sirs —— 'tis also new.
That for your sakes we quit the common road,
And therefore 'tis but grateful to applaud.

So much for Prologue —— I am next to say
On what foundation we have built our Play;
From the keen satyr in sly *Hogarth*'s prints,
We own we took for most that follows —— hints.
The Harlot's Progress —— Not a face I spy,
But knows the subject full as well as I.
Why then —— e'en let the Actors now begin,
I'll to your understandings, trust this Scene.

Scene draws, and discovers Colonel Goatish, *Squire* Spruce, *and Mother* Lurewell, *a Table before them, with Bottles and Glasses.*

Col. Weel ye say there wul be brau bonny sound lasses i'th' this same *York* waggon, when it comes.

M. L. In all the time I have dealt in women's flesh, I have always made it my observation, that your *Northern* Lass's come up the fittest for trade to town: Colonel, you know the *North*, and will bear me witness, that the Attempts

at *York* are compos'd of as well-bred people, as any that come to the Drawing-room; and for *Scarborough*, 'tis become so noted, and so much frequented, that agad the people come to town from it, as polite and as wicked, as if they had been bred all their lifetime at St. *James's*.

Col. Deel a bit do I like them the better for that ——— waunds wife, have ye ken'd me so long, and fancy I should like a lass the better for her geud manners; na, na, give me a bouncing, strapping, sonsy looking girl, wha'll scratch, and fight like auld Nick himsel, afore she'd lose her maidenhead.

S Sp. Nay, nay, I'll answer for Mrs. *Lurewell*; if you tell her your taste, she'll soon give the girl her cue; and for a maidenhead, the secret of making it is no secret to her.

M. L. Sir, I scorn your words —— the Colonel knows me to be a woman of honour; I'm none of your *Needham's*, nor your *Thomas's*; if I assist a young spark like you, with my endeavours to prevent your dying of the green-sickness, or have good-nature enough to help an old gentleman like the Colonel, to a soft warm hand, to chafe him, when in pain, I value my reputation, and would not make use of your mean, bawdy artifices for the world.

AIR I. An old Woman clothed in grey.

Through folly fops all things miscall,
Hence you my profession despise;
Yet list to my song, and it shall,
If that's to be done —— make you wise.
To riches the merchant lays claim,
Ambition doth title embrace;

The ſoldier's purſuit of fame,
And courtiers ſtill cringe for a place.
Yet let but bright beauty appear,
The merchant grows laviſh and gay;
It ſtrikes both the courtier and peer,
And heroes are proud to obey.
Since beauty's a thing thus divine,
Superior to ev'ry degree,
And while the diſpoſal is mine,
Who is it ſhall take place of me?

Col. Ha, ha, ha! I hope you're anſwer'd, Sir.

S. Sp. Split me! Mrs. *Lurewell*, I never dreamt you were a wit before; come, you and I'll be friends; I ſet a great value on wit.

M. L. How com's it you never bought any then?

Col. Nae, for that matter, *Jammy* is nae fool; come gae us a merry ſang, lad, and put the auld wife in a good humour again.

M. L. Ay, let's hear it —— there's two of the fellows that belong to the waggon, it will be here preſently.

S. Sp. Well, upon condition all quarrels are made up, I'll try what I can do.

M. L. Try what you can do! Ha, ha, ha, that's the out-ſide of a modern beau's performance. Pray, Sir, come to action.

S. Sp. [*Sings.*]

AIR II. Young *Philotet.*

Love is alone
To me the ſun,
That warms my am'rous ſoul;

My

My Celia's *eyes*
Dart endless joys,
And all my cares controul.

To me she's bright
As Phœbus' *light,*
Where Eastern *spices blow;*
But if she fly,
Unhappy I
Feel Greenland's *night and snow.*

M. *L.* Well, we are friends till next time we fall out; come, Colonel, I hear the waggon wheels; have you any instructions to give me?

Col. Troth I'm sae weel pleased with this morning's work, that I'll gae ye my directions, as our auld lards gae their charters, in rhime.

[*Colonel sings.*]

AIR III. Cold and raw the wind did blow.

What though it be true I grow something auld,
My passion I yet can discover,
And tho' through time my head may be bald,
I'll still prove a lusty lover.
Sae gang i' th' yard, and pull up a leek,
Nae snaw than its head looks whiter,
Yet downwards, if to the tail ye seek,
Nae green i' th' warld shines brighter.

Sine look me a lass that's blith and young,
Wha'll strug'le and fight i' th' storming;
My passion will make me baith stout and strong,
Then never fear ye my performing;
For beauty resisting still make a man bauld,
Such vigour its rays are still flashing;

As

As tho' baith the flint and the Steele be cauld,
Tea fire i ſoin kruck by their claſhing.

S. Sp. Bravely performed! Colonel.

M. L. [*ſighing,*] Ay, would his back were half as ſtrong as his lungs!

Col. Nae mair dauffing, woman, I'ſe hear the folk i'th' yard, we'll ſit here, and obſerve your management.

M. L. Let's do nothing too haſtily. [*fills a glaſs of brandy*] Here's to your honour's better health, [*turning to 'Squire* Spruce] and to your having more money ſir; and then I ſhall be ſure of two good cuſtomers. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

[*To Mother* Lurewell *enter* Moll Hackabout, *the* Colonel *and* Spruce *are ſeen at a window.*

M. L. On my faith a pretty country wench what a pity it is ſhe's come up to this lew'd town ——— [*chucks her under the chin*] how old are you, child?

Moll. about nineteen, Ma'am.

M. L. What, I warrant you are come up to ſervice; have you any relations in town, child?

Moll. Yes, an't pleaſe you, I have an aunt and two couſins——odds me! what's become of my couſin *Sweetapple's* gooſe? it has the direction on its head, and if it is loſt, I ſha'n't know where to find her, nor myſelf neather.

Enter

Enter Waggoner. Moll *runs to him.*

Moll. *Tummus, Tummus*, do'ſt knau what's become of my gooſe and my box too? if any rogue ſhould ſteal it, as they ſay there's a mort of ſuch kind of things done in *London*, I ſhould be undone: There's two ſtuff gowns, nine round ear'd caps, three new ſuits of pinners, 23 *s* in money, five ſilver groats, and half a piece of gold, that our *John* the gardener and I broke, when I left 'Squire *Booby*'s.———

Wag. By lady! I beleive the girl has a mind to be robb'd, what doſt give us ſuch an innumtery of your things for? I'ſe take care enough on 'em on you dona' make ſuch a din about 'em, I'ſe warrant ye.

[Moll *ſings*].

To London *fair town I am come for a place,*
I now ſhall grow rich in a very ſhort ſpace;
My fortune I'll make, and get a ſilk gown,
And then I'll deſpiſe all the youths of our town.
There is Molly *and* Kate *were backward to come;*
Such fearful young huſſys may ſtay ſtill at home,
While I to the full do enjoy what I pleaſe:
Who would not leave milking, to drink of fine Teas.

Moll. But what mun I do with my couſin's gooſe?

M. L. Oh! I'll take care to [illegible] *ſaving.*

AIR

AIR IV. Bonny *Dundee*.

My waggon before, and I in the rear,
Thro' wind and thro' weather together we go:
Sometimes the road's ev'n, and sky too is clear,
And sometimes 'tis deep, and cover'd with snow.
In passing thro' life like fate we abide,
O'er hills and thro' vales we continually ride;
In joy it runs swift, in trouble moves slow;
And now we rise high, anon we sink low.

Scene draws, and discovers a room, in which are the Colonel *and* Spruce. *To them enter Mother* Lurewell *and* Moll.

Col. S'bread! she's a bonny lass, of a brau height, geud features, and twa pawky een; there's nair a luckie in au *Edinburgh* cou'd a helped me to sic a lass.

S. *Sp.* Egad! she's as fair as the light, and as fresh as the day, sweet as the flowers in *June*, and bright as a summer's morning.

M. *L.* Nephew, and brother, I have just been hiring a young country maid; for, in troth, I am quite wearied out with the vices of those who have lived in town: I have not been able to get a servant these three months, that could forbear talking to the fellows, or had learnt so much as their catechism by heart. Well, 'tis a sad age we live in; [*Sighs.*] would I were in heaven!

S. *Sp.* [*Aside.*] A very modest wish for a bawd truly! but I find she has dubb'd me her nephew; 'gad, I like her procuring mightily, this is a sweet pretty girl.

Col.

Col. As ye say, Madam, 'tis a sad age this we live in, there's hardly an honest man to be found in a hundred; and for the women, deel a me gin I believe one o' them honest, but your ladyship. ——— Will you sit down, sweetheart?

M. *L.* Ay, ay, sit down by the gentleman, child, he's my brother, and a very good, modest old man, he'll do you no hurt, I'll warrant you; come, your countryman the waggoner told me you could sing prettily, let us hear now: Tho' I hate all indecency, yet I confess harmless mirth was ever agreeable to me. —— don't be ashamed, child. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*

Moll. Indeed, Madam, I never sung before any gentlemen in all my days.

Col. Out, fie, lassy, I'm thy countryman, or at least not far frae it; there's a crown-piece for thee: Now let me hear a *Scotch* song.

S. *Sp.* But lay by your hat first, child.

Moll. [*As in confusion.*] By mass I am so asham'd, I can hardly speak; but, since your worship will have it so, and my mistress bids me, I'll try.

AIR V. *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Grey.*

As I gid down by yon brook-side,
I spy'd a maiden weeping,
Her lilly hand held up her head,
Her flocks as she was keeping:
At length, to sooth her throbbing heart,
Her song she thus beginning;
Such sweetness did her voice impart,
I listen'd to her singing.

Fra' me, ye maids, said she, be wise,
Ah! let my ruin warn ye;
Fly from the flatt'ring lover's lies,
E'er the deceiver harm ye:
False Strephon swore eternal truth,
And tender inclination,
Ere I believ'd the perjur'd youth,
Or yielded to his passion.

But when he had, thro' language fair,
Of chastity bereft me,
With cold neglect to wild despair,
The faithless shepherd left me:
Thus roams th' fields the gawdy bee,
In ruffled mischiefs toiling;
With humming joy, and loaded thigh,
Each flow'r of sweets despoiling.

Col. That's my bran lass, geud faith, I ne'er heard any thing sweeter in my life, unless it was the rattling of the dice at Hazzard.

S. *Sp.* Her throat's more melodious than a nightingale: Would I had her, on condition the Devil had them both. [*Aside.*

M. *L.* Well, brother, shall we be going?

Col. Ay, as soon as you like; gang ye your ways with that pretty lass in a coach, and wese come after pe in the chariot. [*They rise.*

M. *L.* Sha'n't we call for the reckoning?

Col. Na, na, wese pay that at the bar.

[*Exeunt omnes. The Colonel hopping upon a stick,* Spruce *making mouths behind him.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Time-teller *comes forwards.*

In hands like these, you'll easily believe
Moll quickly learnt each method to deceive;
With each alluring, each seducing grace,
Her innocence quite lost——but in her face,
There still with study'd care its look she wore,
But with a purpose to deceive the more.
Numbers the lightnings of her eyes subdue,
But more her art to love and ruin drew.
At last, of *Israel's* scatter'd race there came
A wealthy lover, welcome to the dame.
Gold soon prevail'd —— Vain was old *Lurewell's*
weeping,
The *Jew* she hated, but was fond of keeping;
Manasseh had her——at a price how dear!
Will quickly from the following scene appear.

SCENE VI. *A handsome Bed-chamber.*

Moll *in a rich undress, Spruce near her, both sitting by the bed-side.*

S. Sp. And so, dear, this rascally old *Jew* allows you no money?

Moll. No, love; he says, I have every thing about me that I can wish, and what need have I of money.

S. Sp. A covetous old hunks; hunt, let me see, can't you let me take the diamond out of one of your rings, and tell him you lost it? money I must have; for since I have lost my support from

from the Colonel, I han't a Farthing, but what I earn as a puff at a *Pharo*-table.

Moll. O la! a Puff! what's that? I proteſt all my Adventures have not brought me to the knowledge of that term; tho' old *Manaſſeh Ben Iſrael* has been at the expence of a maſter to teach me *Engliſh*, a maſter to teach me *French*, a maſter to teach me writing, a maſter to teach me dancing; a maſter to teach me muſick; and in ſhort, ſo many maſters, that I am ſcarce miſtreſs of two hours in the four and twenty, unleſs when the old fool's at *Richmond* with his daughter.

S. Sp. What a deal of pains the ſimpleton takes to make himſelf hated; I wonder how theſe out of the way fellows comes to fancy its poſſible for a Woman to like them?

Moll. Oh! I find you're a novice in ſome things as well as I——come, tell me what you mean by being a puff, and I'll explain to you the arts I make uſe of as a miſtreſs.

S. Sp. Why, a Puff, child, is one who, through want of wit, has loſt his own money at play; and when he comes to have a little better ſenſe, he trepans others into the ſame ſnare, in order to ſhare the booty: in a word, he's a decoy duck to all thoſe dangerous pools, called hazard tables, billiards, publick rooms, and private places for play at taverns——Now ſatisfy me a little, as to the miſtery of wheedling; for I ſuppoſe that's the way you manage your old ſort of circumſion.

Moll. No, no, my art lies quite another way; I put on my beſt brows as ſoon as he comes into the room, hardly ever ſpeak to him but in an angry tone; and whatever it is I have a mind to I have it e'er he has a pleaſant look; but here, take the ſtone out of the ring: now, I ten to one, but he'll

he'll be inquisitive about how, and when, and where, it was lost. Some sneaking silly jades would be immediately coining a hundred plausible lies and stories to make the matter pass off; instead of which I shall only tell him, that I have lost it, and expect another before to-morrow night, on pain of his never touching so much as my hand till it is produced.

S. Sp. Well, a wench with beauty is a more arbitrary tyrant than the Grand Signior with all his power.

AIR VI. The bonny bush aboon Traquair.

Ye swains whose hearts from love are free,
Ah! shun its fatal anguish;
Seek not the blooming maid to see,
Lest for her sake ye languish:
Just fears should kindling passion cool,
While thus with ruin toying;
Like Eastern tyrants beauties rule,
And triumph in destroying.

Moll. But, hark ye, Mr. *Spruce*, I hear you are very great with *Betty Peel*, the orange wench at the new playhouse: you had best take care that your assignations be very private; if I should catch you, it might cost you your life.

S. Sp. Puh, puh, such a sweet pretty creature as thou art could not be guilty of any cruelty, upon any provocation whatsoever.

Moll. Don't you trust too much to that; gaming, driking, and the rest of your genteel vices I can bear with well enough: but egad, if a woman should be in the way, I should be a very fury. A man who had insulted a *Spaniard*, lain with an *Italian*'s wife, or had been trusted with a

secret

ſecret by a miniſter of ſtate, would be faſter by half than you; they might all uſe caution in their revenge for their own ſakes; but I ſhould never think of ſelf Preſervation, till I ſaw you dead at my feet. Remember that of all fiends the moſt miſchievous is a jealous woman.

AIR VII. Man in Imagination.

Of tender inclinations,
And of ſoft ſwelling paſſions,
Our ſex to fondneſs prone:
While love with love ye pay
But in affliction zealous,
When once with cauſe we are jealous,
Nought can the fault attone,
Nought can our rage allay.

Enter Alice *in a great hurry.*

Alice. O la, Madam! here's Mr. *Ben Iſrael* entering the very paſſage: I'd compound for a leg or an arm of Mr. *Spruce*, that his body was ſafe out: you know he always carries a ſtiletto about him and darted it thro' the hanging, when the wind blew, when he fancied a man behind them: For heaven's ſake, Madam, make haſte!

(*She takes up Spruce's hat and ſhoes, throws his coat over her arm, and clops the ſcreen within half a foot of the door.*

Enter Mr. Ben Iſrael *boſtily.*

He runs to the bedſide to Moll, *whilſt* Spruce *and* Alice *ſlip from behind the ſcreen out at the door*

(*Moll ſtarts from the bed.*) *Mo*

(Moll *starts from the bed.*)

Moll. I wonder what you mean, Sir, by coming into the room so hastily; you know I can't bear a surprise: I protest the next time you serve me so, I'll throw the tongs at your head.

Ben. Pray you, my dear, no be in a passion; I thought I heard a bustle in your shamber, and that make a me come up so hastily to see what was de matter.

Moll. What, at your nasty suspicions again; I thought I had school'd you sufficiently for your impertinences of this sort before: let me hear any more of this language, and you shall never see my face again; you sha'nt, villian, (*pushes him from her*) as you are.

Ben. No passion, *Molly* no passion; I come a from *Richmond* dis morning by six o' clock, I want my breakfast very much: let us drink a de tea, and be friends.

Moll. You may do as you please; but I won't bear these sort of suspicions, I tell ye, I won't.

Ben. Here! *Julio!*

Enter a black boy.

Julio. Sire.

Ben. Bid a *Alice* bring de kettle and de tea-things.

Julio. Yes, Sire,

Ben. Come a my dear, be in one good humour.

Moll. Not till you submit, and make me a present of a purse of moidores; I like that coin because it is your country.

Ben. Here a den there is nine of them, dey are all I have about me; but what a you do wid money? have you not all things? speak a what you want.

Moll. No matter what I want, give me the money.

Ben. Give me a kiss den.

Enter Alice *with a tea-table and things*, Julio *following her with a kettle and a lamp.*

Ben. Here Mrs. *Alice*, your lady and I quarrel, and wid much ado I bring her to be good friends; come a you know I love de lute, it be de favourite instrument in *Portugal*, your lady will give me a lesson on it.

(Alice *going.*

Moll. Stay! I won't play.

Ben. Den you shall sing me song, (*pulls out his Watch*) come 'tis past eleven; sing a de song, and I will drink one dish of tea, and so to *Change*.

Moll. Will ye, *Nassey*? come then, I'll be good. (*sings*)

AIR VIII.

What shall I do to shew how much I love her?

Beauty was form'd to give joy in possessing,
Not by dull coyness our pleasures to lose;
Pride turns to a curse even this high blessing,
When the fair's cruel because she has power.
Kings themselves hateful grown by long oppressing,
Often in exile lament their hard fate;

Beauties

Beauties too after much coldness expressing,
Fain would be kind when, alas! 'tis too late.

Ben. Der is my sherubim, *(chuks her under the chin.)* now why cannot you be always so good?

Alice. Oh! dear Sir, my mistress takes it so ill that you should have a suspicion of her honour, that she neither eats nor sleeps for it, though she won't tell you so much; *(Ben Israel looks kindly on* Moll.*)* but you can't imagine, Sir, how *Julio* improves both in singing and playing on the violin. I protest I believe his music is as harmonious as the spheres; shall he bring his fiddle, Sir, and let you hear him?

Moll. Pish, the devil I think's in the wench; I'll have no scraping here.

Ben. Come a den, sweet one, let a him shew me his voice in an air or so, and den I must be going.

Moll. Well then, *Julio*, sing the last new song Mr. *Gamut* taught you.

Julio. So me will as well as me can.

(Bows and sings.)

AIR IX. The lass of *Patty's* mill.

If in soft blissful ease,
Thro' life's short course you'd move,
To be the lord of peace,
A subject be to love:
For love it is alone
Can lasting joys unfold,
'Tis love's the wond'rous stone
That all things turn to gold.

Ben. (*puling out his watch, and laying it on the table.*) 'Tis a widin five minutes of my time, and I have appointed to meet deputy *Treacle* the ſugarbaker, about a concern of ſome touſand pound; I am obliged to go to *Richmond* in the evening, but I ſhall be to town again to-morrow, and ſhall ſtay here de reſt of de week —— ha! what is dis?

(*takes up a ſnuff box off the bed.*

Julio. O la! 'tis Mr. *Spruce*'s ſnuff-box.

Ben. O you ſtrumpet, you cockatrice, I will turn you out of doors this minute, you granddaughter of de devil; (*goes to draw his ſtillette.*) no, I will act like a true *Portugueſe*,

Moll. And I like a true *fille de joie*. (*knocks him backwards, ſnaches the watch off the table, throws the tea-kettle at the black boy, and kicks the things into the middle of the room.*) (*Exit* Julio *crying* me a ſcalled, me a ſcalled.) Ben Iſrael *ſtrives to get up,* Moll *keeps her hand upon his throat, till* Alice *takes a bundle out of a drawer; then* Moll *and* Alice *run out, and ſeem to lock the door after them.*

Scene ſhuts; Ben Iſrael *is heard within crying Murder, Thieves, Whores, Devils, Witches, Murder, Thieves,* &c.

End of the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

TIME-TELLER.

LOve, mighty love can wond'rous matters do,
Maids are ſoon ſmitten when ſpruce lovers woo:
Pleas'd with the face and figure of the man,
His fortune or his worth they never ſcan,

But

But take a coxcomb, tho' not worth a groat,
If smartly powder'd in a tawdry coat.
Nay, widows too, who've broke the marriage chain,
Are often mad to have it on again:
If wealthy left by some departed fool,
Until again she's coupled never cool:
On lusty youths she looks with longing eyes,
And chuses, like a butcher ——— by his size.
At last once more the wedding yoke's put on,
And by the help of money ——— she's undone.
But stranger still! even damsels o'th' common
Are still in this respect like better women;
And tho' with all the other sex they rove,
Yet on some bully fix peculiar love;
And for his sake with unrelenting mind
Jilt cozen, cheat, and ruin all mankind;
while he perhaps, to her own maxims true,
Strips her —— and has another girl in view.
So *Molly* from her *Hebrew* keeper fled,
To take beau *Spruce* the easier to her bed;
By whom she's treated -- much at the same rate,
Beguil'd and bubbled to a wretched state;
Falshood on falshood waits-- in each degree,
And vice will still its own chastiser be,
As in the coming scene you'll quickly see.

SCENE II.

An ordinary room all over litter'd, Moll *sitting in dishabilee.*

Moll. My head akes. —— I am so dry I do not know what to do —— This is a curs'ed life.-- After venturing soul and body for a couple of

guineas to let *Spruce* wheedle me out of them! —— I deserve to be hang'd to be ſure; but what ſignifies thinking? —— If I muſe much longer, I ſhall do it in earneſt. —— Here *Alice*!

Alice. [from within] Coming, coming Madam.

Moll. La! this wench, though ſhe has lived with me ſo long, anſwers for all the world as if ſhe'd never been out of an alehouſe.

Enter Alice.

Moll. Do, *Alice*, get me a farthing's worth of ſmall beer.

Alice, as I hope to live! we ha'n't a farthing in the world.

Moll. La! what ſhall we do for breakfaſt?

Alice. Indeed I can't tell, and I'm ſure I'd do any-thing to get a diſh of tea.

Moll. [Take a little bottle from nuder the bed, holds it up.] What the dram out too! [ſighs.] then I'm quite undone. —— Dear *Alice*, think how we ſhall get ſome tea and a half-pint.

Alice. Why, may I be a maid again, if I know how that's to be done!

Alice. What! have you quite loſt your credit at Mrs. *Doubleſcore* the chandler's?

Alice. You know as well as I we owe the woman ten ſhillings, and that for theſe three weeks we have ſetched all our things from Mr. *Short-weight*'s, in the next court.

Moll. Why can't you have a breakfaſt of him then?

Alice. Ods fiſh! we are in his debt above two ſhilings, and he hath made a ſolemn oath never to truſt any body to the extent of half a Crown.

Moll.

Moll. La! I shall go mad; I must have a breakfast, so I must, if I turn out naked at night.

[*Alice goes near her, and pulls down her shift sleeves.*

Alice. Why, these are pretty clean, you may go out well enough without ruffles; I'll carry them to mine aunt's over the way, and get eighteen pence.

Moll. Do, then; ——— and d'ye hear, bring in a pint of citron. [*exit Alice.*

Moll. What shall I do 'till she comes again? if I think, I shall run distracted. ——— I'll sing *Jenny Tattle*'s song, that lord *Littlewit* admires so much. (sings.)

AIR X. The bonny grey ey'd morn.

In Autumn, *when the clouds are moist with rain,*
The gaudy glitt'ring bow aloft is seen;
Its varied hue delights the gazing swain,
Where purple's mix'd with red, and then with green,
With it in lustre bright may woman vile,
In all the pomp of youth and beauty gay;
A while the lovely form attracts each eye,
Then like the painted cloud it fades away.

[*Re-enter* Alice *with a pat of butter upon a piece of paper, a roll, a broken sugar dish with sugar, and a little paper of tea in it.*

Moll. O la! *Alice*, where's the bottle, where's the bottle?

Alice. Never fear my forgetting that (pulls it out of her pocket) I went to Mr. *Limbeck*'s for

this, and you know it was proper to hide it, for fear the chandler-woman ſhould make a noiſe.

Moll. Well, good now give me a dram, I'm reſtleſs when I'm ſober. [*Alice* looks about.]

Alice. La! I can't find the dram-cup, madam.

Moll. Here! here! take any thing [gives her a water-glaſs without a foot, *Alice* fills a little in it] a drop or two more——a little higher, ——nay, *Alice*, don't grudge it me. [ſhe fills it almoſt up to the top.]

Alice. I am deadly afraid it will do you hurt, you know *Sukey Skuttle* killed herſelf with it.

Moll. [taking it from her] Prithee don't tell me melancholy tales (drink it off) ——So! I hope this will give me eaſe.

Alice. Why, if you had told me that you had the belly ach, I would have fetched cholic water.

Moll. The belly-ach, fool! no, but I had the heart-ach, and that is ten times worſe.

Alice. Now you talk of the heart-ach, I'll tell you what paſſed here yeſterday morning.—— You know you lay out becauſe it was the day you appointed ſome duns to come.

Moll. Alack-a-day! poor *Alice*! well, and what did they ſay?

Alice. Why, it was about nine a-clock, and I was juſt up, when d'ye ſee, up comes a man, and thunders at the door as if he'd knock it down, who ſhould it be but Mr. *Skinflint*, the tallyman. What, is not your miſtreſs at home? [ſay he] No [ſays I] I did not think ſhe would have uſed me at this rate [ſays he again] but tell her from me, that if I don't hear from her next Monday to ſome purpoſe, I will ſpeak to Mr. *Courthand*, the attorney of the *Poultrey*, to get her napp'd, for I hear ſhe plies in the city lately

So.

So down ſtairs he went, muttering and curſing all the way.

Moll. Well, we are rid of him 'till Monday then.

Alice. Ay, but he was ſcarce gone down ſtairs, before comes *Tom Pledge*, the pawn broker's man, to tell you that Mr. *Ben Iſrael* had been with a warrant to ſearch their houſe for two diamond-rings and a gold ſnuff-box, and ſaid as how his maſter would tell him where you lodged, if you did not come down a guinea, and conſent to let him ſell the things.

Moll. Well, I hope you were at quiet all the reſt of the day.

Alice. No but I wa'n't; in half an hour's time who ſhould knock at the door but Mrs. *Tawdry*, that ſells the ſecond-hand cloaths; ſhe ſwore you ſhould not trick her, as you did Mrs. *Bobin*, the lace-woman; if you had quitted your lodgings, ſhe'd ſend *Tom Warrant*, the Marſhal's court officer, after ye. *Moll Hackabout* ſhould get nothing by tricking of her.

Moll. A ſaucy jade——*Moll Hackabout!* marry come up, how great we are grown ſince Mrs. *Flimſy*, my lady dutcheſs's woman, has truſted us to ſell her caſt off cloaths.——— Well, but did there come any more?

Alice. More! no, there had not need; by this time I had huſtled on my cloaths, and away I popped to *Jenny Gigget's*; there we had three ſalt Herrings between us, and two quarts of ſmall Beer; ſo I ſat there till it was near dark, and then I came home and went to bed, becauſe I had neither fire nor candle to ſit up by.

Moll. Good wench put on the water; we'll have a week's good living, I am reſolved on't.

Alice.

Alice. I am glad to hear that, but now shall we come by it.

Moll. Why, we'll melt *Ben Israel's* watch: the gold on't will sell, I warrant you, for four or five pounds—where did you hide it, *Alice?*

Alice. Why you know I put it into the hole in the bedstead. (*Moll goes to the bed, and pulls it out: brings it upon her finger, and looks at it.*)

Moll. Well, I protest it is a wonderous pretty thing; I can hardly find in my heart to part with it.

Alice. Can you find stomach good enough to eat it, or is it grown so bad that you can live by looking at it?

Moll. Neither, but we'll lay it down till after breakfast, and then.——

A noise without; Tom Pledge, *is this the door? ay, ay, break it open, break it open.*

SCENE III.

The door flies into the room, enter Tom Pledge, *two constables, three or four assistants, followed by Justice* Mittimus. *Mr* Ben Israel, *and Mr.* Fingerfee, *the Justice's clerk.*

Pledge. There (*pointing to* Moll) that's *Moll Hackabout*, and this is her maid *Alice.*

Ben. Dis is my watch; I vil svear dat, Mr. Justice, before the whole bench (*takes up the watch*)

Justice Mittimus *sits down in a chair, the constables bring* Moll *and* Alice *before him, the clerk takes his book out, pulls a pen out of his hatband, and dips it into the thumb bottle of ink that hangs at his button.*

Fing.

Fing. Sir, Sir, shall their commitment be to Newgate or New prison?

Just. To neither till I hear the charge——— where is Mr. *Ben Israel?* [*They look about.*

Fin. I suppose he is gone home with his watch.

Just. If he is, I suppose these women won't charge him with stealing it, and if there is no oath against them, I can't only send them to Bridewell, as persons of ill fame——— so do you hear? (*to the constables*) take them away.

Moll. Good your Worship, consider I am a very young woman; have pity on me.

Just. If I were sure you deserv'd it, I would, but the character I have heard of you is such, that I take a month's confinement to hard labour to be a reprieve for so long a time from the gallows. You are a young woman it is very true, but an old offender, and therefore in pity to honest people, it is my duty to bind up your hands from hurting them further, at least for some time———take her away!

[*they carry her off.*

Justice. (*sighing.*) She's a very pretty girl; I had much ado to maintain my magisterial gravity in committing her. [*Exit.*

Enter Fingerfee *solus.*

La! if it had been but my good luck to have lived with what the folks call a trading justice, of but half the business of my master, what a rare time I had had on't; but here, where I am allowed to take nothing but my due, I have much ado to live, at least in a manner I call living. This honour is a damn'd qualification in a master, would mine were rid on't!

(*Exit singing.*

AIR XL. Old Sir *Simon* the king.

The trickſter who deals ſtill in law
Looks well both in perſon and face,
And the parſon's as ſmart as a beau,
Who picks up his living by grace.

'Spite of honour that makes ſuch a rout,
The ſoldier's both ragged and thin;
His ſilver's all tarniſh'd without,
And devil a penny's within.

SCENE IV.

TIME-TELLER.

Alas, poor *Molly*! is it come to this!
How fleeting is the courſe of lawleſs bliſs!
But twice twelve months have flown ſince you became
The common miſtreſs of each roving flame.
At firſt your charms endear'd you to the ſight,
Then were your days of unreſtrain'd delight;
Now by miſconduct comes a fatal turn,
Expos'd to labour, infamy and ſcorn!
The ſequent ſcene will ſhew what jailors are,
And the wretches fare beneath their care;
How they contrive to paſs th' uneaſy time,
And curſe the puniſhment, but not the crime.

SCENE

SCENE V.

An outward room of the lodge in Bridewell.

Rufty *and his Man* Flogwell.

Ruf. I never knew times ſo bad, ſince I have had to do with the priſon; people are ſo bare, that they have nothing to be wronged of.—— Moſt of the poor devils that come here have ſcarce rags to their backs, and though I think I know the art of ſqueezing as well as moſt of my brethren, yet I have much ado to keep my chaiſe and pair out of the profits,——'Gad I wiſh the great folks would do ſomething to make times mend, o' my conſcience I believe moſt of my cuſtomers will grow honeſt by force, for want of having ſomething to lay their hands on.

Flog. Ay, as you ſay, Sir, theſe are ſad days; time was when *Jenny Filch* has brought me home half a dozen ſilver ſnuff-boxes of a morning, but now 'tis odds, if ſhe get any thing better than horn or japan'd iron; a tortoiſe-ſhell with a ſilver rim is a kind of a miracle; and then for the criminals, I ha'n't had three for theſe ſix weeks, who have given me a penny to be favoured in their laſhing, and yet I am obliged to uſe them very gently for fear of wearing my whip out.

Ruf. Well, comfort thyſelf, dear *Bob*, there's to be a great meeting next week, of the chiefs of our fraternity, to conſult ways and means for promoting impriſonment, and raiſing double

fees

fees, without falling foul on the letter of the law.

Flog. Ay! that's a fine proj-ct indeed; I know a 'squire in the *Temple*, will tell you how near you may tread with safety in an instant.

Ruf. I'll just step as far as Justice *Bindover*'s, and be here again in an instant; be sure you take care of the gate, and see that *Moll Termagant*'s spark don't get in here again. (*Exit.*

Flog. So, till he comes back again, I'm sole monarch of these regions; I'll go in presently, and chuse me a doxy; if she isn't as willing as I, I'll ravish her; and if any words should be made of that, swear I only knock'd her down as she was attempting to make her escape, and there's an end of the matter: ——— 'tis here as 'tis all the world over, power does any thing.

AIR XII. The Abbot of *Canterbury*.

Since the laws come from power, then grant it we must
Wha ever power does is lawful and just:
For justice to it must owe its free course,
And statutes are trifles, if not back'd by force.

Derry down.

So monarchs, if once we dispute their desire,
Strait a gue with cannon, and answer in fire:
Hence I with my whip make my subjects be still,
And govern by law——that is, by my will.

Derry down.

(*A lou*

(*A loud knocking at the gate.*)

Flog. S'fish what have we here?

(*Opens the gate.*)

Enter the Constables and their Assistants with Moll *and her Maid.*

Con. Here we have brought you a first rate madam; 'gad, she'll be a sweet penny to you, I warrant.

Flog. Not a penny the better for her fine cloaths; we had a sharper brought in last night dizen'd out in a blue silk coat, black velvet waistcoat and breeches, with a pair of faded scarlet stockings on with silver clocks, which he was forc'd to pawn to the woman at our tap to pay his garnish.

Moll. (*aside to* Alice.) Oh, what a new misfortune's this! by this dress and his poverty, I dare say it's Captain *Spruce*.

Alice. Nothing more likely; I wish old *Nick* had had him when I first saw him: we might have liv'd still in the old *Jew*'s lodgings, and roll'd in money, if you had not been such a foolish creature as to be fond of that incorrigible rascal, the cast off pimp of Col. *Goatish*, and the new-receiv'd puff to the gaming-house by *Covent-garden*.

Moll. How now! who is it you talk to in such terms? insult me in my misfortunes, hussey, and I'll fell you to the ground.

Flog. (*takes her by the arm*) Come, woman none of your tawdry airs here; commitments

make

make all equal, and if that wench was your maid elſewhere, ſhe may be ſtrong enough to be your miſtreſs here: let's ſee, can you tip us an ounce now for civility? come down, Madam, come down.

Moll. As I hope to live I have nothing about me! but I have ſent to Mrs, *Lurewell*, as we came along; and I'm ſure ſhe'll be ſo good as to relieve me.

Flog. Well, Mr. Conſtable, if this affair turns out any thing handſome, we'll not forget you.

[*Exit* Conſtable.

And ſo you are one of mother *Lurewell*'s children, hey! (*chucks her under the chin.*) this night-gown of yours will fetch money, (*taking it up, and looking at it.*) has it ever been waſh'd, *Moll*? (*turning to* Alice.

Alice. Her name's *Moll* indeed, but my name's *Alice*: you had beſt take the gown for your garniſh, for I don't think ſhe has any thing elſe about her that will yield it.

Moll. O you traiterous ſlut! —— I ſhall find a time to be revenged on you, ——— I ſhall, you Minx you.

Alice. Why you talk the language of *Billingsgate* as well as if you had been got in an oyſter boat, born in a night celler, and been bred up at a fiſh-ſtall. I warrant you expected I ſhould have treated you with ceremony for bringing me to *Bridewell*, did ye? but your'e miſtaken; confinement, as my maſter ſays, makes us all equal; egad, I'll make you know it.

AIR

AIR XIII. Ye Commons and Peers.

It's needless to flout,
And make such a rout,
As if there were somebody now;
You're sure grown a Fool,
Or confoundedly dull,
To hope for respect now your low.

Fa. la.

There was time I allow't ye.
I thought it my Duty,
To shew you Submission profound;
But fort ne that Jade,
Us equal has made on them
By throwing us both on the Ground.

Fa. la. la.

Flog. I fancy you will change your tone good woman, bye and bye——come get you in to the reft to work; I'll fit you with a block presently

SCENE VI. *draws and discovers several Malefactors beating hemp, and honest 'Squire* Spruce, *in a very dejected condition; as soon as* Moll *enters, the rest fall to hooping and hallooing.*

1*st Wo.* Hy! you *Doll Driver!* can you tell who is this fine Madam, is that come to work ard at her Necklace here?

2*d. Wo.* Not I truly; I suppose she's some Whore of quality or other.

3*d. Wo.* Oh! 'tis famous *Moll Hackabout*, that bb'd the old *Jew*, and her Maid *Alice*, one of surviving Concubines of *Jonathan Wild*

1*st. Wo.* Do Mr. *Flogwell*, let's huſtle her; I long to ſtrip one of theſe fine Fowls of their feathers.

Flog. Mind your Work, you toad do. *(gives her a ſtrap croſs the ſhoulders coming to* Moll.) Come, come, miſtreſs, you muſt not ſtand idle; *(places a Block next to* Spruce, *lays hemp on't, and gives her a hammer; ſhe ſeems to weep.)* nay, blubbering ſignifies nothing; let's ſee how you can thump, if not, I muſt lay on you, *(lifts up his rattan, ſhe beats awkardly;* Alice. laughs.) I fancy I ſhall ſpoil your mirth, *(gives her two or three ſmart blows on the ſhoulders, then ſets a block before her.)* let's ſee now whether you can do it any thing handier, Mrs. *Malapert*, or I ſhall let you blood in the back. *(ſhe thumps ſturdily.*

1*ſt. Wo.* I hope Mr. *Flogwell*, you have got money for the Garniſh.

Flog. Not I, ſhe ſays ſhe has not a penny.

2*d. Wo.* Hang her, let's take her gown off.

Moll. Pray, good women, have pity on me; I never ſaw ſuch a Place before: I have ſent to an acquaintance, who I'm ſure will ſend me money.

3*d. Wo.* Hang your ſendings; we'll have it now, or ſtrip you to the ſkin.

Omnes. Strip her! ſtrip her!

Enter a Porter.

Porter, Is one Mrs. *Hackabout* here, pray?

Flog. Yes, what do you want with her?

Porter, I come from a gentlewoman in the New Buildings, ſhe has ſent her this parcel, and deſires ſhe won't be caſt down, for ſhe'll get her out by To morrow night.

[Moll *takes the Parcel.*]

Moll. Tell her I ſent her ten thouſand thanks;

Im

I'm ſure it's more than I deſerve of her.

Exit Porter

1*ſt. Wo* I hope the gentlewoman has ſent you ſome money, Madam.

2*d. Wo.* I can aſſure you the folks here are very reaſonable; you need not beat hemp, if you can afford but a trifle to pay them for your time.

Alice. Heavens ſend ſhe has ſent ſomething, my poor miſtreſs would have broke her heart in this dreadful place. (*Cries*)

Flog. I'll make you howl for ſomething, you diſſembling toad I will.

[*gives her half a dozen ſtroaks over the back.*

Moll. Oh! pray Sir, don't beat her ſo hard; if you pleaſe to tell me what it comes to, I'll pay both for her and myſelf.

Flog. Then you muſt give me half a Guinea for your Fees, and a crown to excuſe you from work in this dreadful place.

1*ſt Wo.* Do, Madam, make it up an even guinea, and Mr. *Flogwell* will let us all play the reſt of the Day to bear you company.

S. *Sp.* [*hanging down his head,*] Ay, do, good madam; for my arms are ſo ſore, I can hardly lift them to my head.

Moll. I was never ungenerous when I had it, there, Mr. *Flogwell* is a guinea; pray let us have a dozen or two of Drink to comfort theſe poor ſouls

Alice, Ay, my Miſtreſs is all goodneſs.

1*ſt Wo.* Heavens bleſs your ladyſhip!

2*d Wo.* Do Mr. *Flogwell,* let Mr. *Padwell* the highwayman down toſſing the priſon ſong, we'll beat a Chorus; may hap it may divert the Gentlewoman.

Flog. With all my heart, here *Skip.*

Enter Skip.

Skip. Go tell M. *Pad* here's a gentlewoman would be glad to hear his voice; but be ſure take *Surly* with you when you let him down

3d Wo Come, madam, will youdo as we do? [*throws dow the block, and ſits upon it the reſt do ſo to*

Flog. I'll order a Chair to be brought you preſently.

Alice, Pray order another for me.

Flog. Yes to be ſure Mrs *Impudence.*

[*Enter* Skip *and* Surly *leading in Pad, a fellow following 'em with two flaggons of drink*

Flog. Fetch a Chair for the Gentlewoman out of the parlour, and another for me;——— the folks here, I think, Mr *Pad,* want you to ſing the priſon ſong? and becauſe I have a reſpect for gentlemen of the road, I ordered you to be let down.

Moll I fancy you had beſt drink firſt, Sir,

Pad. I thank you Madam, ——— (*drinks*

1ſt Wo. Now the ſong!

2d Wo, Ay, ay the ſong,

Pad. Well, have patience a little, good folks hem! hem!

AIR XIV.

Ye ladies of Drury *attend*
And liſten awhile to my ſong;

For

For when all our money we ſpend.
A padding you ſend us along.

If money we meet with you're kind.
If not you deny us your charms.
'Tis poverty thus we all find,
Y u ſling with diſdain from your arms.

This age ſure is ripe for each vice.
We ſtudy new evils each day:
And now with women and dice
Conſume all our life-time away.

Dear Moll *I muſt ask this of you,*
What made you go out of your Trade
You might have been kept by the Jew,
And not have turn'd thief; ſilly Jade.

Altho' you're ſo fine Maſter Spruce,
Believe me, you will'on't live long;
The county will find you a nooſe,
And Holbourn *afford you a throng.*

But as long as we live let's drink,
And merrily drive away care,
For when we are drunk we can't think
At all of approaching Deſpair.

End of the ſecond Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

TIME-TELLER.

YOu've heard how *Lurewell's* charity was shewn
In freeing *Molly*, —— next it muſt be known,
How after this ſhe far'd; - to tell you truth,
The Bedlam made the moſt of *Molly's* youth:
Expos'd her to each rake who had but wealth,
Until infections vile deſtroy'd her health:
Then, after twenty quacks had tried in vain,
By wild receipts, to eaſe her horrid pain;
At length, as the laſt point in rotation,
The languid wretch is put in ſalivation.
Meagre and Noſtrum both on her attend,
Tho' fate had certain been from either hand,
Bullets have ſometimes miſs'd their aim to kill,
But none e'er 'ſcap'd, if hit by Meagre's pill.
Where Noſtrum comes, expect expiring breath;
Th' approach of Noſtrum is th' approach of death.

SCENE II.

Mrs. Lurewell *and Mrs.* Pimpley *ſitting together.*

M. L. Well, to be ſure, no woman in *England* ever had ſuch luck as I have: it is not above three months ago ſince I took her out of Bridewell, paid all her charges, took her home to my

my own houſe, took her up good cloaths, and made her fit company for the beſt man of quality in *England*; and here ſhe is now in a ſalivation, ſo bad, that there is no expectation of her life: I'm the verieſt toad alive, if I believe ſhe has earn'd me forty guineas ſince ſhe has been in my houſe; and what'with the expence of Dr. *Meagre* and Dr. *Noſtrum*, to be ſure, I'm threeſcore pounds out of pocket; beſides, I don't know howmany half crowns, crowns, and half guineas, laid out in admirable pills, wonderful bolus's, and never-failing elixirs; which from the characters I ſaw of them in *Fog*'s journal, made me imagine they'd do the work at once. —— I vow I'm almoſt mad; if I had but five hundred pounds in the world, I'd retire to ſome country ſolitude or other, and give over all thoughts of this World.

Mrs. *Imp. (aſide.)* What would you think on next? ſure ſhe has not the impudence to expect any thing in the world to come —— [*aloud.*] it is but the courſe of things here, madam; good natur'd, charitable people, are ſure to meet with loſſes; I vow, if I did not keep up my Spirits, [*pulls a dram bottle out of her pocket.*] I believe as you ſay, I ſhould run diſtracted at the times. [*drinks.*

If Madam, your ſpirits are failing,
There's nothing, I think, is more handy,
Or any thing ſure more prevailing
Than drinking a glaſs of good brandy.

M. *L* [*taking the bottle.*] Ay, as you ſay, one muſt comfort oneſelf —— (*drinks.*) but what a ſad thing is it, that this girl ſhou[illegible] drop off before

before Ld. *Snuffle* comes to town: his breath ſtinks ſo, and his voice is ſo diſagreeable, that the ladies wou't bear him near them; I could have had a couple of guineas a night, for his only talking to *Molly*? his lordſhip being now ſo bad, that he's incapable of doing any thing elſe. And then there was alderman *Fribble* ſo taken with her, that I might have had what I would of him; nay Dr. *Seembody* would truſt himſelf with no body but her, for fear of loſing his character. Well I ſhall be a hundred pounds at leaſt out of pocket by her death.——

(*weeps.*

Mrs. *Pimp.* Good madam, moderate your paſſiyn, you ſuffer no more than many other good people do; there's no diſputing with the diſpoſition of things as father *Scapula* my confeſſor told us, at his laſt lecture; or, as the old ſong ſays.

AIR XV. To all the ladies now at land.

Dame Fortune with unſteady hand,
Doth worldly matters guide,
Her wheel, you know, muſt never ſtand,
But round for ever ride.
Then let not your brave courage die,
One turn from low may raiſe you high,
Fa, la, ſa, la, la.

M. *Lr* I'm much oblig'd to you Mrs. *Pimplay*, for your kind endeavours to divert me; for that matter, I don't want a taſte: when I was a young woman, about ten or a dozen years after the reſtoration; though I thought it, there

was

was not a lady of quality in *England* had a better voice, or was more admired for it than I.

Mrs. *P.* I dare ſay you had, madam, your voice has a peculiar ſweetneſs ſtill; I am a prodigious admirer of the tunes made in the days of king *Charles* II, me won't you oblige with an air? come, it will divert your melancholy.

M. *L.* That's impoſſible; beſides, the loſs of teeth will not permit me.

M P. I warrant you, good madam, try, we are alone and out of hearing; beſides, I have heard ſome people of faſhion ſay very lately, that you ſung with great judgment.

M. *L.* They did me too much honour, I aſſure you; but however, I'll try. *(ſings.)*

AIR XVI.

Gather your roſe buds while you may,
For time is ſtill a flying,
And that ſame Flower which grows to day
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heavn, the ſun,
The higher he is getting.
The ſooner will his race be run,
And nearer is to ſetting.

That age is bleſt that is the firſt,
Whilſt youth and blood are warmer,
But being fled, grows worſe and worſe,
And ill ſucceeds the former.

Then be not coy, but ſpend your time,
And while you may go marry,

For

For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

(While ſhe ſings, Pimpley turns the ſtone of a ring outwards, and plays it ſo as to make her obſerve it.

M. *P.* Well, I proteſt 'tis very fine, the moral is exceeding good.

M. *L.* You're very obliging, madam, ——— pray let me ſee that ring, it's a mighty handſome one.

M. *P.* Ay, it is ſo; I had it of a nobl man's caſt-off miſtreſs; I'm to borrow five guineas on't in the afternoon; the fool won't take more, tho' ſhe wants it; yet I dare ſay ſhe'll let it be ſold, for the want of the paying the intereſt. ——— But, good madam, how does your neice do? I hope my lord duke's as fond of her as ever.

M. *L.* I can't ſay truly but he is. I have very little money, heaven knows! but if you pleaſe, I'll venture the money you talk of on the ring, and if ſhe does not redeem it, I'll make you a preſent of a guinea for the bargain; I dare ſay it's worth thirty pounds.

M. *P.* Alack a-day? how your ladyſhip wrongs your judgment! a diamond of that bigneſs worth but thirty pounds! I dare ſay I could ſell it for fourſcore.

M. *L.* Hardly for ſo much, ——— but I'll go fetch you the gold. [*Exit.*

Pimpley *ſola.*

Well, I ha'n't loſt my labour I find; the ring, conſidering the extraordinary niceneſs in its ſetting, coſt me thirty ſhillings; and to ſay truth, the middle one is the fineſt *Briſtol* ſtone

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I ever saw; I dare say it will never see the sun again, 'till the old carrion dies herself: well, flattery is a fine thing, it will sooner help one to five guineas, than charity to five farthings.

AIR XVII. Dame of Honour.

In these blest days, through stronger wit,
Our father's ways despising,
To virtue all pretence we quit,
For easier arts of rising.
A smooth address we only prize,
'Tis this gains on ev'ry donor,
And he who enjoys it is sure to rise,
Tho' void both of worth and honour.

Re-enter Lurewell.

M. *L.* Well, you're of a happy temper (*gives her the money*) a twelvemonth is the time I'll keep it; if I have not the money before, it's mine.

M. *P.* Yes, madam, I dare say nobody will take it from you.

M. *L.* But won't you walk to t'other end of the house, and see poor *Molly*: I know you are a judge of such matters, perhaps she may not be in altogether as much danger as we think her.

M. *P.* I'll attend you, madam.

M. *L.* Come this way then.

They go as it were backwards, the Scene draws and discovers Moll's *room; she sits cover'd from sight by a screen, three women attending her;* Alice *leaning over the screen, and Dr.* Nostrum *writing upon a little stool.*

M. *L.*

M. *L.* Is there any hopes, doctor? *(he does not seem to mind her.)* d'ye think it's poſſible for her to do well, ſir?

Doct. If ſhe does it's a miracle; I never knew any body hardly do well, after *Meagre* ſet his foot within the room.

M. *P.* La! I thought he had been a great phyſician. *(Noſtrum ſmiles diſdainfully.*

1 *W.* But, doctor, is there no hopes?

Noſt. Am I any judge of your hopes? you may hope or not hope, juſt as you pleaſe.

2 W. But we mean, is there any room to hope?

Noſt Heaven help the ignorance of theſe poor creatures! how ſhould a graduate phyſician like me get into practice, when ſuch illiterate quacks as ſhe ſpeaks of, and that outlandiſh emperick *Meagre* run away with every thing.

2 W. Why, for all you, ſir, I have known Dr. *Meagre* do great cures; he freed a gentleman's ſon in our neighbourhood of this diſtemper in three weeks time; 'tis true he died four months after that of a conſumption, but what was that to the doctor?

Noſt Nay, as you ſay, nothing at all, if he was but paid.

M. *P.* Methinks it would be more proper for us to remove into another room; we certainly diſturb this unhappy woman, and ſhe does not ſeem to be in a condition very capable to bear it. *Dr. Noſtrum riſes to go away.*

M. *L.* Nay, good doctor, go with me into the next room I want to conſult you a little.

The Scene ſhuts, the Doctor, *Mrs* Pimpley, *and Mrs.* Lurewell *come forward.*

M. *P.* Perhaps you did not think it conveni-

ent

ent to say so much before the poor woman; be so good as to tell us doctor, what you think of her case.

Nost. Truly I think she will not get over it; there's no disease in the world so fatal as *Meagre*'s pills: I wonder some method is not taken to prevent credulous people from being poison'd with impunity.

Enter Meagre.

M. *L.* Oh! here is the doctor.

Mea. Vel, how do de young gentilvoman?

M. *P.* In troth, doctor, we all think as bad as can be.

Mea. Halas, poor Woman! I fear'd so much; vel, heaven deliver us from the pox and from pockey doctors.

Nost. A very good prayer truly, since she was poisoned by your pills.

Mea Morbleau, poison'd by my pills! Sacrament! murder'd by your electuary.

Nost. I despise your insinuations, I can have numbers of substantial citizens round *Bow-church* to testify the efficacy of my medicine.

Mea. you lie, you lie you lie, (*offers to draw.* Nostrum *takes out his snuff-box, goes close up to him, and throws it all in his eyes.*

Nos. I believe I have disarm'd you.

SCENE III.

TIME-TELLER.

Poor *Moll*, having now given way to fate,
The bawd resolves to bury her in state:
Prodigious kindness this——perhaps yo'll say;
But mark who 'tis must the expences pay.

A contribution of the ſiſterhood
Is rais'd on a deſign ſo wond'rous good.
'Tis done. Each damſel with a good will gave it,
For wh——— are mighty generous when they have it.
Diſtreſs'd and poor ſhe yielded her laſt breath,
But pomp attends her now ev'n after death.
Strange friendſhip this, or rather a ſtrange claim
Of ſelfiſh vanity to friendſhip's name.

SCENE IV.

Draws and diſcovers a large room, in which Mrs. Lurewell, Mrs. Pimpley, *and three or four other women are ſitting, dreſſed in mourning, and handkerchiefs at their eyes; a parſon at one corner of the ſtage ſitting by a plump well looking Girl of the town; an undſr-taker paſſing to and fro fitting their gloves, while* Alice *ſtands weeping behind with a bottle and glaſs in her hand.*

M. *P.* Well, ſicne we ſhall never ſee poor *Molly* again, why ſhould we ſuffer ſorrow ſo mucn to affect our hearts? poor girl! ſhe was of a merry diſpoſition, and I'm ſure, if ſhe knows any thing in t'other world, would be ſatisfied with the care that's taken to bury her ſo handſomely, without the addition of ſuch a vain and extravagant ſadneſs

[*Turns to Mrs.* Lurewell.

Come, chear up, madam.

M. It is true. I am under the heavieſt affliction imaginable for the loſs of the poor young creature; I proteſt I thought I ſhould have died this morning, for not being able to reſiſt

my

my curiosity, I got Mr. *Smellcorps* to unscrew the coffin, that I might have a last view of her, before she was put into the ground; and believe me, her complexion was so fine, and the air of her features so little alter'd, that if she had recover'd, I'm persuaded she would have been worth five hundred pound a year to me, and the very thought of her untimely death had almost sent me to the same place with her.

[*first woman whispering one of her companions.*

1. *Wo* What a lad old beast is this; why she is worse, *Sukey*, than mother *Cartley*, that put colonel *Hackum* when he was drunk to a dead woman, and reckoned him two guineas the next morning for his night's lodging

2 Wo Really, Mrs. *Lurewell*, you had great occasion to grieve for the loss you have had—— for my part, I am ready to break my heart for poor *Molly*, tho' I never saw her but twice in my life, once at a play with an Irish lord, and another time at the baronet's, near *Bloomsbury-square*, who, tho' near seventy, has always a company of pretty girls to divert him after supper.——— So that my sorrow is perfectly disinterested, for you know we may all come to the same fate, and it's fit, we should do as we would be done by; 'gad I'd have gone without a dram for a week, but I'd have saved half a guinea towards burying her handsomely.

3 Wo. Well, this is a melancholy scene!—— my sister *Sly*[illegible]s died but a quarter of a year ago——— and since then I was at mother *Bur*[illegible]y's funeral, who broke her heart on her standing in the pillory for keeping a disorderly house, ——I am sure I had sorrows enough to have kept

me

me away, [illegible] knows who's next [illegible]

[*Mr.* Smellcorps, *the undertaker comes up sober*

I have made bold with what little my miſtreſs left worth taking, which with Mr. *Smellcorps*'s watch, the woman was ſo good as to ſteal for me, will ſerve to ſet me up in a brandy-ſhop, in *Wapping*; ſo I'll even rub off, while they are all out at the burial. —— I can't ſay 'tis mighty grateful to my deceaſed miſtreſs or my living benefactreſs; but 'tis as all the reſt of the world do.

Since honeſty now and compaſſion
Are laugh'd at amongſt the polite,
Why ſhould I maintain an old faſhion,
Or ſet up my ſelf for a ſight?

FINIS.